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# Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 13 Sept. 1961





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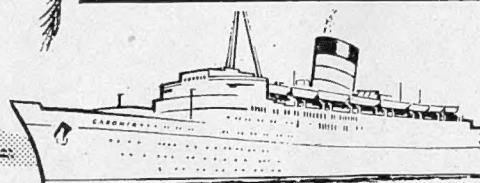
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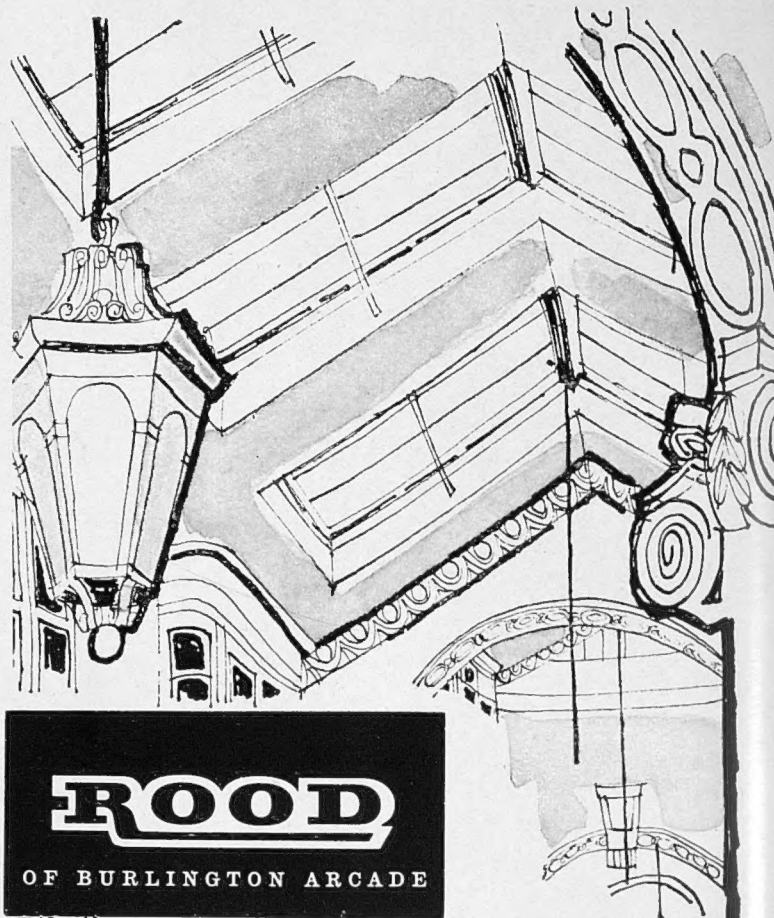
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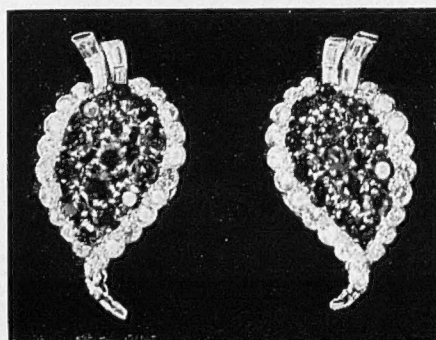
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# THE Tatler

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Volume CCXLI Number 3133

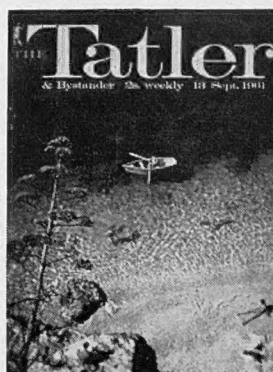
13 SEPTEMBER 1961

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The cover:



*It's the kind of place you dream about but it does exist and it's by no means impossible to reach. LAELIA GOEHR took the colour picture of a bay on the Dalmatian coast near Dubrovnik and travel writer Doone Beal expands the theme in Rewards in Yugoslavia with more pictures on page 516*



# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Oban Ball**, 14 September.  
**British Horse Society Trials**, Burghley Park, Lincs, 14-16 September.  
**Vine Hunter Trials**, Quidhampton Farm, Overton, Basingstoke, 14 September.  
**Warlingham & District Horse Trials**, Chelsham, Surrey, 16 September.  
**Royal & Ancient Meeting**, St. Andrews, 20 September.  
**Combined Training & National Dressage Championship**, Hickstead, Sussex, 21, 22 September.  
**Beechwood Ball**, Quaglino's, in aid of St. Anne's Youth Club, Vauxhall, 22 September. (Tickets 2 gns. from Miss Moira Mullen, 62 Leith Mansions, W.9.)  
**Stanborough Castle Horse Trials**, Edenbridge, Kent, 23 September.  
**Camberley Staff College & R.M.A. Horse Show**, R.M.A. Sandhurst, 23 September.  
**First Perth Hunt Ball**, 26 September; Second, 28 September.  
**First October Yearling Sales**, Newmarket, 26-30 September.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat racing**: Yarmouth, Brighton, Pontefract, today & 14; Ayr (Western Meeting) to 15; Haydock Park, Kempton Park, 15, 16; Bogside, Redcar, Warwick, 16; Edinburgh, Leicester, Windsor, 18, 19; Catterick Bridge, Newbury, 20; Lincoln, 20, 21 September.  
**Steeplechasing**: Uttoxeter, 16; Wincanton, 21 September.

## GOLF

**Burhill Family Foursomes**, Walton-on-Thames, to 15 September.  
**Joan Ryder Trophy**, Hastings, 16, 17 September.

## SAILING

**"Flying Dutchman" Championships**, Whitstable, to 16 September.

## TENNIS

**Junior Championships of Great Britain**, Wimbledon, to 16 September.  
**South of England Championships**, Eastbourne, to 16 September.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Iphigenie En Tauride*, 14 September; *Fidelio*, 18 September, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)  
**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Lady & The Fool*, *Diversions*, *Jabez & The Devil*, 15 & 19 September, 7.30 p.m.  
**Royal Albert Hall**. Sir Francis Cassel, piano recital, 7.30 p.m., 17 September (KEN 8212).  
**Royal Festival Hall**. London's Festival Ballet in *The Snow Maiden*, to 16 September (last performances), 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. also); Don Cossack Chorus, 7.30 p.m., 17 September; London Symphony Orchestra, 18, 19 September; Tito Gobbi (baritone) with L.S.O., 20 September. All 8 p.m. (WAT 3191).

## ART

**Max Ernst**, retrospective exhibition, 1917-61, Tate Gallery, to 15 October.  
**At The Seaside**, beach scenes by 19th & 20th-century artists. Arthur Jeffress Gallery, Davies Street, W.1, to 29 September.  
**20 Young Sculptors**, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, W.1, to 7 October.  
**Hugh Micklem**, new paintings, Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street, to 21 September.



NOEL MAYNE

The Duchess of Leeds, former owner of the stolen Goya, with artist Nicholas Egon, who is painting her portrait in his Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, studio. The Duchess is herself a painter and recently had a London exhibition. Mr. Egon is also known as a ballet and opera designer.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Book Production Exhibition**, National Book League, Albemarle Street, W.1, to 30 September.  
**Handicrafts & "Do It Yourself" Exhibition**, Olympia, to 16 September.  
**Ceramic Design in Modern Building**, Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, to 15 September.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Aldwych Theatre** (Royal Shakespeare Company). *The Taming Of The Shrew*, tonight.  
**Old Vic**. *Dr. Faustus*, 14 September.  
**Sadler's Wells**. Western Theatre Ballet, 14 September.  
**Royal Albert Hall**. Ukrainian State Dance Company, 19 September.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 545.  
**The Amorous Prawn**. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing ... the leading parts are charmingly played. Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald (Piccadilly Theatre, GER 4506.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 546.  
**Two Women**. "... Sophia Loren acting and Vittorio De Sica's direction turn what might have been a minor tragedy of the war into a major film." Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo. (Ritz, GER 1234; La Continentale, MUS 4193.)

## BRIGGS by Graham





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## GOING PLACES LATE

### *What the traffic will bear*

Douglas Sutherland

OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS I HAVE COMMENTED OFTEN ENOUGH ON THE changing scene in London's night life as a result of the introduction of the Gaming Act and other measures designed to protect the people from the people. This week I turn to a feature of life in the metropolis that is always with us. London's taxi cab service is often said to be, like London's policemen, wonderful. On the whole I think the claim is justified. But there are quite a few of the fraternity who let down the esteem in which the majority are held with a resounding thump.

I have no quarrel with the system, which works with cab drivers and hotel porters throughout the world, whereby their advice is sought by visitors out for a good time and they are rewarded by the grateful club or restaurant to which the customer is introduced. Of course, the practice is open to abuse but I reckon that the customer who allows himself to be driven to a dubious joint in the back streets deserves what he gets. There are plenty of perfectly respectable clubs to which the taxi driver can introduce him. *Caveat emptor!* A more objectionable habit, particularly prevalent late at night, is to drive past the customer with the flag up and leave him shaking his fist impotently from the pavement. In the days of petrol rationing it was quite understandable that many cabs at the end of their day's ration had to return to base without being able to accept fares on the way. They usually had the courtesy to signal their situation by putting a glove over the flag. The present late night Jehus are quite different cattle and whatever the reason for their incivility, it does an ill service to London taxi cabs as a whole.

As the law stands at the moment a cab driver is within his rights in refusing a fare if he is cruising. Only on a cab rank is he deemed to be plying for hire and bound to accept a passenger. Too often, however, the driver regards the cab rank as a convenient place to park while he goes off to have a cup of tea. Strictly speaking it is an offence to hail a

cab that is cruising in the vicinity of a rank but it is a law-abiding citizen indeed who will wait patiently by an empty taxi while others go whizzing merrily by. There are several cab ranks that are regularly misused in this way and the police seem unwilling or unable to intervene. I have generally found that the average driver does not try to claim more than his legitimate fare, but I was once asked for two shillings extra because it was after midnight and on another occasion for double fare.

It is perhaps not generally known that there are two categories of London cab drivers—those who own their own cabs and those who drive for one of the big cab-owning companies. The first, of course, keep all the day's takings and pay for their own running expenses and repairs. The others have a small percentage of the clock but keep all extras and tips. Of the 6,600 cabs in London about 2,600 are owner drivers. Tipping should be in proportion to the clock fare, ignoring the extras. For example on the basic 1s. 9d. fare the driver might expect 9d. tip.

It takes a driver about 18 months of hard study to pass the stringent police tests on knowledge of London. The driving test is up to the highest standards and the medical fitness and good character of applicants is carefully vetted. It is true, too, that few drivers can hope to get away with misconduct for long. If the public take the trouble to report incidents the Commissioner has arbitrary power to revoke licences.

### Cabaret calendar

**Astor** (GRO 3181) *Anita Scott; Georgette & Ben Chenny, adagio dancers*

**Society** (REG 0565) *Tsai Chin (the "Susie Wong" girl)*

**Colony** (MAY 1657) *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves*

**Celebrity** (HYD 7636) *The Max Wall Show, with dancers Ronne & Carmen Aul, and supporting variety*

**Hungaria** (WHI 4222) *Tessie O'Shea*

**Winston's Club** (REG 5411) *Old Time Music Hall, Danny La Rue produces*



George & Bert Bernard star in *Extravaganza*, at the Pigalle

## GOING PLACES TO EAT

### *With or without an octopus*

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Monseigneur Grill**, 16 Jermyn Street. (REG 6957.) C.S. If you like peace and quiet, comfort and pleasant people about you, this is the place to go. It is ideal for a carefully chosen meal, eaten not against the clock, but to congenial, leisurely conversation. The cooking is first class. The *Entrecôte au beurre* I ate was excellent, the *Sole Mornay* outstanding. Both were in the 25s. four-course dinner, giving a wide choice of dishes, but there are *à la carte* dishes as well. The wines are well chosen. W.B.

**Grotta Azzurra**, Church Street, Kensington. (WES 3896). This is the downstairs part of Mr. Dino Accini's latest restaurant. Like the others, already well known, that bear his Christian name, it gives good value for money, and in this case a highly original décor, from the glowing green octopus on the ceiling to the gilt metal chairs and tables, and the terra cotta amphora wine decanters. The main courses range from 4s. for *pizza* or spaghetti to 15s. for *Escalope* (double) *Chez Dino*. The ground floor restaurant, where one can eat well and cheaply, is much more functional in design.

### A château in Wiltshire

**The Bell House**, Sutton Benger. (Seagry 336.) On the A.420 road from Oxford to Bristol, four miles from Chippenham and thus close to the main East-West routes, this is a good stop for a meal or a night.

The bedrooms are spacious and finely furnished, and Mr. and Mrs. Stratton's love of old furniture is obvious everywhere. Mrs. Stratton is French, so is the cuisine, which is in her personal charge. Her specialities include *Supreme de Poulet à la Kieff au Foie Gras de Strasbourg* at 27s. 6d. and *Lobster Thermidor* at 17s. 6d. But the large menu, itself a work of art, has also plainer and less expensive dishes. The cellar is very fine indeed, including a 1949 Clos de Vougeot, Selection des Chevaliers du Tastevin, a 1947 Château Lafite, first growth, and many of the Louis Jadot wines. The staff are Spanish, with the good manners of their race. The minimum charge for luncheon is 12s. 6d. and for dinner 21s. The cover charge is 3s. after 2 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. W.B.

### Wine note

I have been asked if I can give the names of some sparkling wines, other than champagne. There are in fact quite a lot of them. Peter Dominic's "Wine Mine" list contains two white sparkling burgundies, one dry red, one pink, a Rhone wine Blanc de Blancs, the delightful Bassereau Sparkling Vouvray, and of course Sparkling Muscatel. It contains also four sparkling hocks—Henkell Trocken would be my choice—and one Moselle. From Italy there is Asti Spumante and Valpolicella, and from Spain Perelada and Pitello, the latter made in Britain from Spanish grapes.

The Australian Wine Centre offers four sparkling white wines and a sparkling burgundy. The prices range from 14s. per bottle for the Australian white wines—Barossa Pearl, Rose Pearl and Dry Pearl—through the white burgundy Cristal Dry at 15s. 6d. to sparkling hock at 22s. and the Australian Great Western Imperial Reserve at 22s. 6d. The well-known firm of Edouard Robinson Ltd., also offer a pleasant French wine at a moderate price, namely Veuve du Vernay.

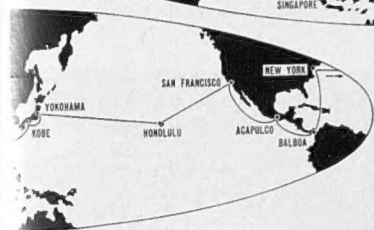
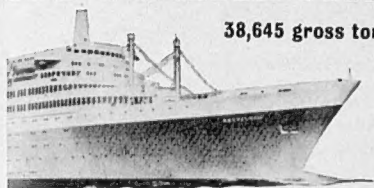


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Dubrovnik: *Lapad harbour with M.V. Meteor of the Bergen Line*

## GOING PLACES ABROAD

### *Rewards in Yugoslavia*

Doone Beal

I BRACKET YUGOSLAVIA WITH TURKEY AS "TRAVELLER'S COUNTRY," Country in which the incidentals are sometimes more rewarding than the object; in which things rarely seem to turn out quite as planned; country whose people make up for lack of streamlining in the service (example: a hotel in which the concierge was most willing to lend a few thousand dinars, though not officially authorized to cash a traveller's cheque); a land—with which Greece has something in common—in whose simpler cafés and restaurants one abandons the hieroglyphics of the menu and picks direct from the kitchen cauldrons. Above all a place of great beauty; vast, unwieldy distances and a heady element of travel-by-chance.

An interesting way to see the most beautiful part of Yugoslavia—the Dalmatian coast and the off-shore islands that stretch from Rijeka, in the north, down to Dubrovnik—is by coastal steamer. At this time of year, one could afford to take a risk with the hotels, travelling lightly (the porter situation is not all it might be), and put up for a night or two in Rab (the Imperial hotel is the best there), or perhaps in Malinska, on Krk island (the Yugoslavia hotel). On the mainland, Moscenika Draga is a charming little village with good swimming, and a reasonable small hotel, the Miramare, just north of Opatija; and Cavtat, a few miles below Dubrovnik, has all the appeal of a small harbour with good beaches on either wing, groves of pines and palms miraculously growing together, and perfectly tended gardens full of lemon and olive trees; a couple of waterfront cafés shaded by huge planes, and two clean, simple hotels, the Cavtat and the Epidaurus.

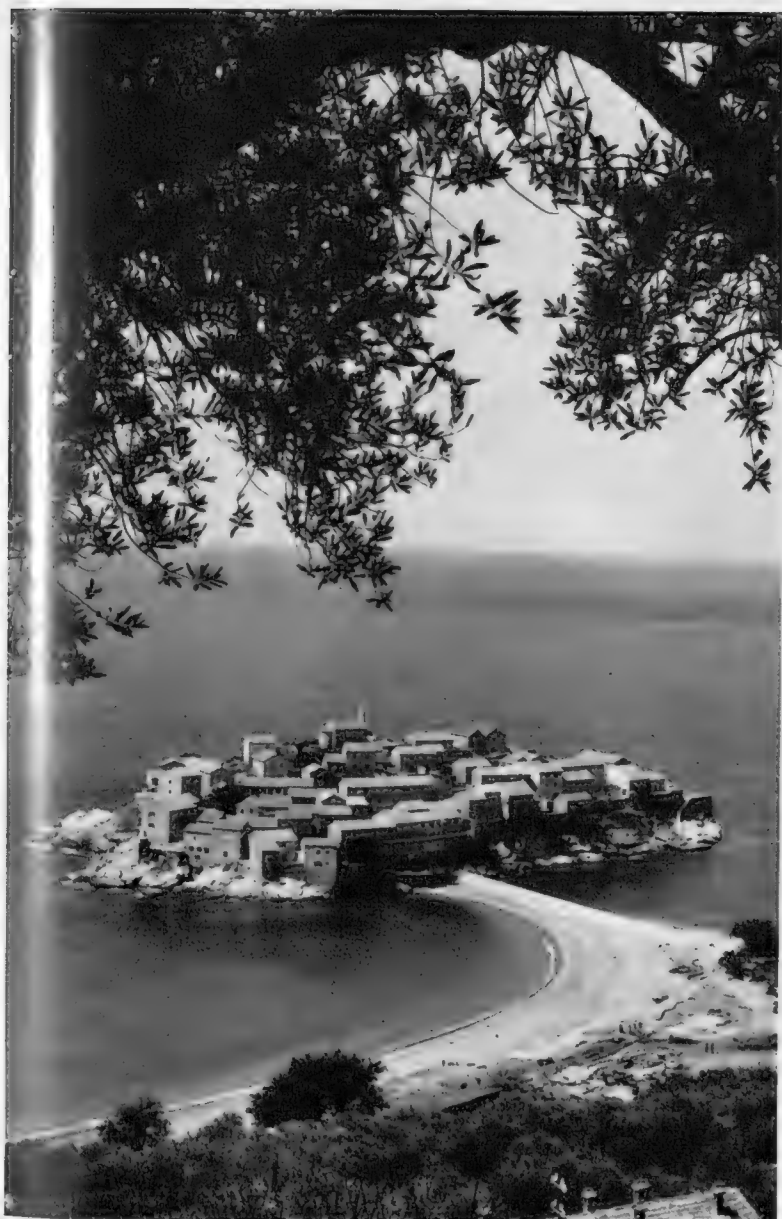
Dubrovnik itself is, of course, the pearl. There can be few cities of more beautiful situation, and the government, which on occasion is assailed by a fit of brave-new-worldliness and the most disastrous essays in contemporary architecture, has had the good sense to leave it alone. Inside the walls of the old city the pavements are polished to an almost marble patina by the shuffling of feet; it is all lanterns and fountains, churches and cloisters and courtyards; shallow flights of stone steps and





A. F. KERSTING

Dubrovnik: few cities have a more beautiful situation



St. Stefan: fishermen's cottages streamlined for visitors

little gardens, shoulder-span alleyways hung with washing and geraniums. Just outside the city are two first-class hotels, the Excelsior and the Argentina. The Excelsior is conventional in its comforts, modern throughout, with a lift that takes you down to the beach. The Argentina is older and has more character. There is no lift to take you down the steep cliffside atop which the hotel is set. Instead, you must walk down through a series of terraces and lemon groves to a flat, rock *plage* over deep green water. I have seldom known swimming to better it. Both hotels (costing, incidentally, only about £3 a day, full *pension*) have vine-roofed outdoor terraces for dining, dancing on the lower terraces in the evening, and beach bars. They make a gallant attempt at international service. I won't say that chambermaids come running at the push of a bell, but the barmen will try their hand at a dry martini (however bizarre a drink they may think it), and the waiters are anxious that the food should please, or ready with a substitute should it not. I thought the food, in the Balkan tradition, good. Cafés to try in the old city include Jug (memorable fried sardines and baby mackerel), and Mimosa, just outside the gates. Wines are universally good.

I have been intrigued by reports of Saint Stefan, on the Montenegrin coast near Budva. Physically rather like a miniature Dubrovnik, it is an ancient township full of fishermen's cottages, all of which have been gutted and converted into modern flats with showers, telephone, refrigerator and kitchenette, only the façades remaining as they were. There are several restaurants and shops as well as a central hotel, and one lives for £3 15s. a day, *demi-pension*.

Apart from the ordinary coastal steamers, the new and comfortable Jadran does a quick service from Venice, reaching Dubrovnik in just over 24 hours. Fairways & Swinford run an interesting cruise to Yugoslavia, with air transport to and from Venice, calling at Koper and Pula (on the Istrian peninsula), Sibenik and Split, staying for a day and a half with an excursion to the lovely little medieval city of Trogir; Hvar island, Saint Stefan, Kotor; two days in Dubrovnik, then back to Venice via Mljet, Korcula, Rab and Rijeka. Living is on board throughout, except for three nights at an hotel in Venice at the end of the cruise. Prices are from £106 to £155 for share of a double cabin, all food and hotel accommodation in Venice. Lose no time if you take this one seriously: the last cruise of the season is 2 to 15 October. Write to the agency, 18 St. George St., W.1 (MAYfair 6801). For other information: the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1.





Paris  
Point  
of View  
at

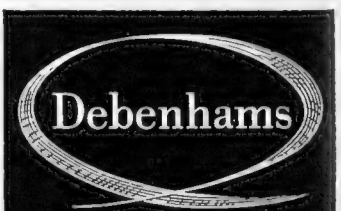
## Bob Bugnand at

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*Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams in the Place des Vosges near the Bastille in Paris.*







13 SEPTEMBER 1961



## PONY TREKKING ON TAYSIDE

On for the day from Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's pony trekking centre at Seggieden, Perthshire, the riders (above) caused a halt on a hill overlooking a broad sweep of the Tay. In the group are Lady Margaret's daughter Nina, Christine Malcolm, Muriel Bowen, who describes the trek on page 522, and Mrs. Sheila Turpie. In the shallows (right) Mr. Fulvio Arri from Brazil, who is studying engineering at Scone Aerodrome, with Nina and Andrew Drummond-Hay. More pictures by Barry Swaebe overleaf







*Woodland meeting near Seggieden. Below left: Miss June Bartlett. Below: Monty, youngest and most mettlesome of the ponies*



Pony trekking on Tayside CONTINUED



*Riders forgather on the bank of the River Tay with shingle underfoot instead of moorland turf*



*Lunch break in the woods. Above left: Trekking preparations at Seggiden stables. Left: Nina Drummond-Hay pushes herself along on a trolley, trying to encourage her pony*





Guests cheered and photographed the Prime Minister as he left Gleneagles at the end of his stay. Below: The Earl of Home, the Foreign Secretary, who had come over to the hotel for informal talks with Mr. Macmillan



# Muriel Bowen reports from

A JAUNTY MR. MACMILLAN ACCOMPANIED BY Lady Dorothy set off for the first tee on the Queen's Course at Gleneagles in a driving rain-storm. Golf was the high spot of their three days' stay. Usually Lady Dorothy is the first to get the ball in the hole but not this time. The Prime Minister, who doesn't get as much practice as she does, was hitting and taking no chances of getting in that pretty but difficult-to-get-out-of Gleneagles heather. The rain that fell throughout their visit didn't keep them indoors. Their caddies, the McIntyre brothers, were always waiting at the time arranged after the previous day's play, and which, fortunately, the Berlin crisis didn't upset. The McIntyres always carry the Macmillan clubs, something that's remembered at Christmas when a card arrives from No. 10. Apart from a few minutes before his departure, when tennis rackets, croquet clubs and dogs were all put aside, and movie cameras taken out, the other guests at Gleneagles gave the impression of discreet disinterest. Not of course that they missed a thing that went on. But their attitude meant that the Prime Minister and his wife were able to enjoy that wonderful "away from it all feeling" for which Gleneagles is famous.

The Macmillans preferred having meals in the French restaurant rather than have food sent

up to their suite. On a couple of nights they dined out with friends, the Prime Minister always putting on a dinner jacket even on Sunday. The **Earl of Ancaster** was their host one evening at Drummond Castle and they dined out another evening with Mr. & Mrs. **William Mostyn-Owen** at Aberuchill Castle.

Who else was at Gleneagles? The **Earl & Countess of Hardwicke**, **Dr. Guy Beauchamp** & the **Hon. Mrs. Beauchamp**, Mr. & Mrs. **Eric Barrington**, **Lady McKenzie-Wood**, and Mrs. **W. A. Bailey**. She came with her very chic and beautiful daughter Mrs. **Barnard-Hankey**, who had taken a cottage for fishing up north and stayed at Gleneagles on her way south. **Sir Harry & Lady Methven** brought a large family party which included their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. **Donald Methven**. **Sir Harry** also brought a pair of beautifully brass-bound croquet mallets. Croquet doesn't have quite the same cachet as golf at Gleneagles but it is played well and seriously by a small gathering of devotees. I saw one eleven-year-old looking through a croquet hoop with the sort of expression that one might have kept for the Brandenburg Gate. Others at Gleneagles included: **Sir Hendrie Oakshott, Bt., M.P.**, & **Lady Oakshott**, **Lord Chetwode**, who was combining shooting and golf, and Mr. & Mrs.

**F. B. Davis, Jr.**, from South Carolina. "Coming to Gleneagles is something I've been doing since this place opened and it is something I want to go on doing," Mr. Davis told me. Dogs are his wife's hobby and she was taking a pair of corgis back to the States with her. Then there were all those people who are always so energetic even on holiday. **Sir William & Lady McFadzean** were in the thick of tennis and golf competitions, the **Marquess of Blandford** played golf in the morning and bridge at night with his friends, Mr. & Mrs. **Herbert Scheftel** and the **Earl of Derby**, Mr. & Mrs. **Michael Kelton** were out fishing most days on Loch Stark, and Mr. & Mrs. **D. M. Burke**, like the Macmillans, headed for the golf course first thing after breakfast.

## RIDERS TO THE HILLS

Scotland's big growth sport of the past few years is pony trekking. Centres have sprung up like mushrooms, and any day between May and August riders can be seen coiling their way on ponies along bridle paths in the hills. On a diminutive Highland pony I rode out one morning from Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's Pony Trekking Centre at Seggieden near Perth. It was an exhilarating experience.





Left: *The Earl of Derby on the King's Course at Gleneagles. Centre: Golfer in the checked cap and cardigan is the Marquess of Blandford, also holidaymaking at Gleneagles Hotel*



Top: *Mrs. Herbert Scheftel and Lord Chetwode. Left: Miss June Wallace, more usually seen on the golf course at Gleneagles, tries her skill on the croquet lawn*

# Scotland

WITH PICTURES BY BARRY SWAEBE

Wit in minutes we were away from people and exhaust fumes, riding over peat-brown streams, looking out on a vivid skyline of grey rocks and purple heather while the wind blew up freshly from the River Tay many feet below us. Then lunch by Binn Tower, one of a series of towers built by one of the Earls of Moray to make the Tay valley reminiscent of the Rhine. My fellow trekkers included a jet pilot from Brazil, a kennelmaid, and a model. The ride leader, a most competent girl, Miss Christine Malcolm, told me that she had given up a post as executive secretary to spend the summer trekking.

## DISCOVERIES IN FIFE

On my first sortie into Fife I discovered that all that happens socially there isn't on the fairway at St. Andrew's. For example, there was a gay coming-out ball for Miss Jane Anstruther-Gray, daughter of Sir William Anstruther-Gray, Bt., M.P., & Lady Anstruther-Gray, and Miss Elizabeth Lawson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alick Lawson. (Pictures on page 526.) The ball was at Kilmany, the Anstruther-Grays' place; dancing was indoors, the furniture having been moved into a marquee—a much more cosy arrangement than doing things the other way

round. In addition to the main ballroom there was a nightspot—the library in disguise. Sir William's learned tomes were hidden behind draped white lawn which gave the room a certain aura of mystery and romance.

Also there were: Sir Archibald & Lady Edmonstone and his sister, Sibylla, Sir John Gilmour, Bt. (he's joint-Master of the Fife Hunt with Lady Anstruther-Gray) & Lady Gilmour, Mr. & Mrs. Jeremy Dewhurst and his sister, Fiona, Lady Meriel Douglas-Home, the Hon. Vere Cochrane & Mrs. Cochrane, and Mr. James Macnab, Yr. of Macnab, & Mrs. Macnab.

The flowers were quite a talking point. They were not only beautifully arranged but in a remarkable way they captured the spirit of each room. Some of them were done by Mrs. Graeme Reid who came with her daughter, Sally, a dark and vivacious beauty who has been a guide on the London Stock Exchange for the past 2½ years. Apparently it's a fascinating job. "We meet such a variety of interesting people," she told me. "More and more people keep coming and also more girls want to be guides."

Other Kilmany guests included: Major Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bt., Major & Mrs. G. Fullerton Carnegie, Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham from Cheshire, Mr. & Mrs. Wallis

Roxburgh, the Hon. Simon Dewar, Comdr. & Mrs. John Fyfe who were having a dance for their daughters, Elizabeth and Isobel, a few days later, Mrs. Jean Tynte, Mr. Alpin MacGregor (wearing the Rob Roy tartan), Miss Flora Brickman, Miss Miranda Cathcart, and Mr. James Harvie-Watt, whose amateur band of Old Etonians has been the life of many a Scottish party. Lady Anstruther-Gray had the misfortune to break her leg the week before but the combination of plaster cast and 40 stitches didn't prevent her enjoyment of the evening. As her elder daughter Mrs. Macnab said to me: "She always keeps going whatever happens, she even conducted the removal of the furniture from her wheelchair." Though not able to be as mobile as usual on the evening of the dance, double-duty was no burden for her husband. Sir William's position in the House of Commons has given him the finest of training for the rôle of débutante's father. As Deputy Chairman of the Committee of Ways & Means he's constantly having to cope with unexpected situations as Big Ben ticks on towards daylight.

When the shooting bug bites it bites hard; like the diplomats and the politicians the businessmen too have left their desks and turned out with the guns. Lord Rootes has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 524





# Guns and grouse at Amulree

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

been making it a 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. day on his Glenalmond moors, his shooting companions, the **Hon. Brian Rootes** and **Lord Cornwallis**, were expected to (and did) keep up the same sort of pace. The guns have been out everywhere, though bags have not been full to bursting. The **Earl of Northesk** summed it up from his place near Perth: "There is always a crucial week in June when the young birds need fine weather and good young heather. This year all they got was rain and late frosts." All a big disappointment to those *rarin'-to-go* and handsome Northesk gundogs. It was the same story from **Major Neil G. Ramsay** whose Aberfeldy moors are noted for providing some of the best shooting in Scotland. "I really can't point to one good day this year," he told me. **Mr. Robin Leigh Pemberton** from Kent and bachelor **Baron Charles de Buxhoeveden** with a party of ten from Austria were the other guns. The Baron who has "shot everything else" was experiencing his first grouse shoot. "He got many a good laugh," Major Ramsay told me. "He never thought that grouse could provide so many surprises." There was a lot of fun all round. **Sir Denys Lowson, Bt.**, had his son Ian (now at 17 almost as tall as father), **Capt. Tony Stevenson**, **Mr. Murray Prain**, **Mr. Miller Morrison** and **Mr. Michael Castle** out on his place near Kinrossie. Sir Denys has a small but excellent moor and the six guns out on the Twelfth secured a bag of 35 brace.

There were continuous comings and goings at the shooting lodges. **Major & Mrs. W. R. Broadhurst** had friends shooting with them from Clathick and the **Hon. Rodney & Mrs. Berry** had Dalnameen Lodge filled to near "bursting at the seams" with friends and relations. The

guns there included Mr. Berry's brother, **Col. the Hon. Julian Berry**, who commands the Household Cavalry, and **Mr. George Fearnley-Whittingstall**, Mrs. Berry's brother. Dalnameen is the largest and most comfortable of the lodges in north Perthshire and sleeps 10 in comfort. Farther south, near Amulree, **Mr. Frank Douglas** was host to another continuously changing lot of friends. Very wisely he's forsaken the Stock Exchange for two months of shooting on his gloriously situated Lochan moor. **Brig. Sir James & Lady Gault**, **Mr. John Pawle** and **Earl Cadogan** have all helped to swell his bag. That vigorous personality, **Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon**, has been out with a party of six led by **Sir Reginald Holcroft, Bt.**, which had the best bag I've heard of in Scotland—58½ brace on **Major T. Sales de la Terrière's** Crossmount moor in Perthshire. This year grouse shooting is in more demand than ever, with the various firms that specialize in Highland sporting estates freely admitting that they cannot get enough moors to rent out. This is still the most popular way of shooting. The rents asked are worked out on the average bag for the previous five years. This comes to about 30s. per brace. Then there is accommodation to be found, and beaters to be paid, and cartridges (at 6d. each, and what a lot are wasted!) to be provided. The actual cost in the end is nearer to £5 than 30s. Grouse moors are very rarely sold outright. Hence the interest when three moors on the Balnagown estate in Ross-shire come under the auctioneer's hammer at the North British Hotel in Edinburgh this afternoon. **The Hon. Francis Eveleigh Ross de Moleyns** who owns them has had hundreds of inquiries from America as well as here.



*Mr. Frank Douglas waiting for his retriever Grouse to bring in a bird. Top: Leaving their Land-Rover, the party begin to climb*





*Mrs. Christopher Morgan. Left: Mr. Nicolas Bowater takes aim. Above right: Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Mr. A. Duckworth, Mrs. C. Morgan (kneeling), Mr. F. Douglas & Mr. N. Bowater. Right: Reviving splash in Creag An Loch*



*Guns across the moors. Left: London stockbroker Mr. Frank Douglas. The walk-up shoot was held on his Lochan moor*



# DANCERS IN FIFE

*A débutante dance at Kilmany, Cupar*



*Captain & Mrs. J. M. Haldane*



*Miss Miranda Cathcart & Mr. John Purvis.*  
Right: *Mrs. J. D. Graeme Reid & Miss Sally Reid*



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE



Right: *Lady Anstruther-Gray gave the dance with Mrs. Alick Lawson (seated with her) for their daughters, Jane (left) and Elizabeth.* Below: *Mr. David Henderson-Stewart & Miss Janet Morison.* Below right: *Mr. James Macnab, Yr. of Macnab, & Mrs. Macnab*





# JUNIOR REGATTA

*Children go sailing at Bembridge*



*Cooking: Mrs. Reginald Bennett & daughter Medina on their houseboat*



*Watching: Mrs. Patrick Stirling & Miss Jessica Wilson watch the Scow race*



*Resting: Diana Goedhuis & Sarah Greenly*



PHOTOGRAPHS: BETTY SWAEBE

*Left: Landing: Susan Wilson & William Clegg won the Scow race. Tom Seabrook helps them bring in their boat*

*Below: Ducking: Hilary Mallinson & Vicky Fane had a spill during the Scow race. Below left: Working: Dr. & Mrs. Reginald Bennett with their son Timothy, daughter Antonia and guest, James Colville. Their daughters Medina & Belinda in front*







ON WEDNESDAY THIS WEEK—PUBLICATION day—the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain—comprising 110 young people aged from 12 to 17—was playing in Helsinki's University Hall, on Thursday in the Konserthuset at Stockholm. Their Scandinavian visit continues a tour that has already taken them to Russia where they gave six concerts—in Moscow, Kiev and Leningrad—playing Britten, Mozart and (by official request for a major work by a Russian composer) Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony. The Orchestra was founded in 1947 by Dr. Ruth Railton (*below, far right*) who remains its musical director. Dr. Ruth Railton is chiefly responsible for the N.Y.O.'s status as probably the best youth orchestra in Europe. In ten years its members have won a total of 54 scholarships to the Royal College of Music, 37 to the Royal Academy of Music and 21 musical scholarships at Cambridge. Guest conductor for the tour of West Germany and Northern Europe is Mr. Olvin Fjeldstad, conductor of the Oslo Radio Symphony Orchestra, seen (*left*) explaining a Mozart passage during an eve-of-departure rehearsal in the hall of the new Simon Langdon School at Canterbury. Dr. Fjeldstad called in because none of the orchestra's British conductors was available, joins a distinguished list of former conductors that includes Sir Adrian Boult, M. Jean Martino and M. André Vandernooy. The orchestra's patron is Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Sir Malcolm Sargent is its president and Sir John Barbirolli and Sir Arthur Bliss are among the vice-presidents.

## 110 Ambassadors of **MUSIC**







PHOTOGRAPHS:

ALEX LOW





## LORD KILBRACKEN

## The return of the native

MY BROTHER HAD SAID: "IT'S MY BIRTHDAY ON SATURDAY! Let's drive to Ashdown Forest for the day!" So there I was with a bottle of celebratory birthday bubbly, knocking on his front door in last week's lovely autumn sunshine, ready for an excursion into the distant mists of childhood.

It wasn't till I was nine that I first went to Ireland. My life till then was divided more or less equally between London and Sussex. I was at boarding school at Ashdown, and my father had a country house not far away right on the edge of the forest where we spent most of the holidays. It was called The Ridge; my father finally sold it in 1934, when he was yearly becoming more attached to Killegar (as were we all), and I hadn't been back since. I was then nearly 14, my brother nearly eight.

Kitty had prepared a marvellous picnic lunch; as soon as we had downed the champagne in honour of Wynne's 35 years, we piled into the car and set off in the direction of places like Croydon and Purley. (An excursion to Croydon, where I flew for the first time—in 1931—had been one of the greatest treats possible; and we used to set our watches by the four-engined biplanes of Imperial Airways, which then seemed so huge, and which flew directly over The Ridge on their way from Croydon to Paris.) But it was not till we reached East Grinstead that we felt really on home ground.

On through Ashurst Wood—where, we managed to recall, my brother and sister (but not I) went to their first educational establishment, known simply as "Miss Spencer's School"—and so to Forest Row, where my principal interest was to see if there still existed a particular butcher's shop in the place where I remembered it. It was here that I put the never-forgotten question, when sent by Nanny on a shopping errand: "Please, Mr. Harman, have you any brains?" And there, just where it should have been, the single word *HARMAN* above the window proclaimed the immutability of Sussex village life.

Soon, between Forest Row and Coleman's Hatch, we passed the turning for Ashdown House, with the square grey building of the school itself just visible at the end of its long drive, profligate with memories of Mr. Evill, and inky fingers, and conduct marks, and "Spars," but also of picnics in the hay, and newts in the swimming-pool, and blackberrying, and an under-matron called Monica. And then up the long steep hill, which, however, had got much less long and steep, to Coleman's Hatch church, whither we had straggled in an untidy crocodile every Sunday, till the school chapel was built.

It was now nearly two o'clock and we were devilishly hungry. In the village of Coleman's Hatch, no brick was changed: the Divalls still in the post office, the village green, the smithy, the watering trough, the Hatch Inn. Past the entrance to South Hartfield, where Grandpapa

lived, we turned left along a well-remembered secret lane, which led us up to the forest for our picnic. There on top of its hill, as ever, stood the Camel, as a conspicuous group of pines has always, and appropriately, been known. (Its legs had got a good bit longer, but it was still a camel.) And, through the beeches behind us, The Ridge itself—once home, once heaven—was now for the first time visible.

"I wonder who lives there now"—the inevitable thought. The next one: "Do we dare to pay a call?" We finished the chicken pie, the birthday cake, the claret; then we smoked some cigarettes, lying back in the ferns and heather, watching the fritillaries in the sunshine. And then we said: "Why *shouldn't* we?" And thus we found ourselves, a few minutes later, driving up to the front door again after 27 years. "My name is Raikes and I'm delighted to see you," said the owner of The Ridge.

He had made a number of changes, but all of them were good ones, and none had altered the character and feeling of the place. Of the jacaranda tree—already dying in 1931—there was now no sign; the great acacia, by means of which I could climb clandestinely from my bedroom to the ground, had wisely been felled to let light into the dining room; the summer-house had gone. But the magnolia was still there, and the Shakespeare Garden, and the toy-cupboard (though not still used for toys), and the same blue-and-white Dutch tiles in the dining-room.

And when I engaged Miss Emma Raikes, an attractive redhead of perhaps seven, in polite conversation, she informed me that she went to school in . . . Ashurst Wood. "And who is the head mistress?" asked Wynne. "Miss Spencer," said Emma. In rural Sussex, truly, everything and everyone goes on for ever.

Of which we were soon to have further remarkable evidence. Mr. Raikes, who could not possibly have been more friendly, pressed gin and bitter lemon upon us, and we said our farewells to head in the direction of the Ashdown Forest Golf Club in search of a great boyhood friend and hero, Jack Rowe. Now it is a fact that Mr. Rowe—as I have always called him and will always call him—came to Ashdown from his native Westward Ho! as the club's first professional in 1889. That's 72 years ago. And there, sure enough, he was—he'd been picnicking with his wife beside the cricket ground—instantly recognizable, his mind as alert as ever.

"Not bad, John boy, for 91," said Mr. Rowe. It was the slightest understatement.

We had tea with the Rowes (and home-made cakes) and we yarned for a couple of hours. (Mrs. Rowe, who last saw me when I was 14, recognized me without prompting from a range of ten yards.) And then we headed home. "Come back soon," said Mr. Rowe as he waved goodbye. "Don't leave it *another* 27 years before you call on me again." I assured him that I wouldn't.





# A LITTLE PLACE ON THE RIVIERA

pictures & prospectus by ROBERT WRAIGHT

ON the face of it finding a permanent *pied-à-terre* on the Riviera seems a cinch. Along the coast from Hyères to Nice hoardings shout *Appartements et Studios à Vendre* and blocks of flats are being thrown up with a speed that would cause apoplexy among building shop-stewards if it ever happened here.

While I was looking for a little place that would do for holidays now and (sweet, impractical dream) for retirement later I heard it said, again and again, that all this building is a mistake, supply must soon exceed demand and disaster must result.

Most apartments are sold before the buildings are complete. This is cheaper for the buyer (sometimes the market price of a finished flat is more than





*Local stone, quarried during road widening work, is being used to build the Village des Fourches. Below: Old and new in Le Lavandou. Small studios in the block shown cost about £1,400 each*



## A LITTLE PLACE ON THE RIVIERA continued

20 per cent above "before completion" price), and helps the developer who often cannot begin to build before accruing capital in this way.

Prices vary greatly according to situation, but the variations are even more extreme than might be imagined. Mayfair has little or nothing on the Croisette at Cannes, where one or two-bedroom flats at £15,000 are considered snips and first-class investments. Yet at attractive Le Lavandou, where the sea is the same and the beach is in some ways better, a freehold, two-bedroom place on the seafront costs no more than similar accommodation on a 99-year lease at Tooting.

Most of the large blocks contain a number of so-called *studios*—one-room flatlets with kitchenette, *salle d'eau* (shower, wash-basin, bidet) and, always, a good-sized balcony that in summer serves as another room. At one small resort I saw a large block entirely of box-like *studios* for sale at £1,400. These are really little more than elaborate beach huts, but generally a *studio* will provide reasonable holiday accommodation for two people. In the luxury blocks at the fashionable centres of Cannes and Nice a one-room apartment may cost up to £10,000. In Juan-les-Pins, however, a *studio* in a sea-front block (where three-

room flats are £7,000) costs £3,150. And at Cros le Cagnes, a few miles west of Cannes, a similar block described as having *de l'air, un parc et la mer en face*, has *studios* at £2,150. The advertising did not mention that the beach is terrible.

The same sort of thing, at about the same price but in a very pleasant situation, is to be found on the outskirts of Le Lavandou. Here a 10-storey block, separated from the sea and a wide, sandy beach only by an attractive garden and a public footpath, is just beginning to rise. Prices, freehold, for apartments "before completion" are: *Studios*, 29,000 New Francs (about £2,100); two-room flats, 47,000 N.F. (about £3,350); three-room flats, 57,000 N.F. (about £4,100). After completion these figures will be increased by at least 5 per cent.

I was told that, through an arrangement with a British bank, purchases from this country could be easily and legally arranged. The certainty that Le Lavandou will soon have grown into a resort of more than twice its present size means that such a buy is an excellent investment. But I wasn't looking for an investment—except one in peace—and, driving along the Moyenne Corniche to Cap Benat, I found in progress an exciting housing scheme that put the idea



Right: *Fireplace in one of the villas of the Village des Fourches.*  
 Below: *Living-room and terrace.*  
 Bottom: *Stonework blends with the backdrop of pinewoods*



Below: *The Village des Fourches has its own beach, 400 feet below.*  
 Bottom: *A £4,700-type villa on the estate, with living-room and two bedrooms*



c a flat in a crowded resort right out of my head.

*Le Village des Fourches* is the creation of a brilliant team of Belgian architects and civil engineers. Its construction has been under way for nearly a year now and the first stage of the entirely new and self-contained village, set among virgin pine forest in the foothills of Les Maures, is nearly completed.

This first stage comprises 36 villas scheduled to be finished by the end of the year. Among them will be 12 different types of home, some already on view, furnished, with their gardens laid out and flowers growing on their flat roofs. They are built with the golden-tinted local stone and designed for coolness in summer and warmth in winter. Built on a steep incline, every villa will have a wonderful view across the Baie du Gaou, far below, to the distant naturist island of Levant in the Iles d'Or group. Already it is clear that the completed village, though modern in conception, will fit into the landscape like one of the ancient hanging villages of Provence. The second stage of the development will include 25 more villas and the beginning of the shopping centre. There are also plans to develop the village's own *plage* 400 feet below, a hotel, restaurant and club, tennis courts and swimming pool. No motor roads will pass through the

village. The villas will be served by pathways connected by flights of steps with flowerbeds.

The smallest of the villas has similar accommodation to that of the *studios* and costs approximately £3,300 freehold. At the other end of the price scale is the £12,800 villa built on two levels and with spacious living-room, five bedrooms, two *salles d'eau*, two w.c.s, a terrace 18 ft. by 45 ft., and a fair-sized garden. All the villas are complete with fittings of good modern design, including refrigerators and cookers. Floors are of a polished, rose-white Provençal stone. One of the first of the new villagers, M. Robert Maurice, Swiss Ambassador to Brussels, is having a swimming pool built in his garden. Former President Auriol, whose home perched on the top of Cap Ferrat is a local landmark, walks over to the village to watch work in progress. He is reported to have offered advice on the choice of flowers for the stony soil and to have admired the way in which the existing vegetation is, as far as possible, being preserved. If everything goes according to plan the *Village* is likely to become a very *recherché* residential quarter and property in it will appreciate in value. But, at the same time, there is little danger of so difficult a terrain becoming extensively built on for many, many years.

# Island of the Young Alliance



*Fort L'Estissac, headquarters of the first N.A.T.O. youth camp. Right: The students gather on the old pirate look-out*



*Below: The girls prepare the mid-day meal while male students are out repairing the road from the fort to the island's small harbour. Centre: Conference time at tables decorated by the N.A.T.O. flag*



The flag of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization flying from a 17th-century pirate watch-fort on the wooded Mediterranean island of Port Cros a few miles off Le Lavandou marks the first N.A.T.O. youth camp, meeting place for a group of about 50 boy and girl students from 10 countries. Organized by the student committee of the French Atlantic Committee, the camp combines hard physical work, holiday-making and serious discussion in about equal proportions. Ideas are exchanged and problems thrashed out in two-hour conferences after lectures on the military, economic, political and cultural aspects of the Alliance





*Pre-lunch study group. Below: James Rolleston is 21. He comes from Beaulieu, is a student at King's College, Cambridge*



*Left: General Valluy, former C.-in-C. Allied Forces in Central Europe lectures on military strategy*



*Andrew Hyslop is 24. He comes from Nova Scotia, is a student at Merton College, Oxford. Left: Letters from home are delivered by jeep*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
EDDY VAN DER VEEN



A vintage year for ribbon-trimming. Seen here at its best strictly outlining (in navy, red and gold) an oyster-white brocade dress and jacket. The dress is sleeveless; the jacket is lined with scarlet crêpe and fastened with a gilt and pearl pin. By Susan Small at Derry & Toms; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Vogue, Cambridge. About 20 gns. Behind it, the Château Pichon Longueville (Pauillac) and the wine it produces (1948). From Hedges & Butler, Regent Street. 27s. a bottle





# A TASTE OF

## Paris

IN THE SHOPS NOW—A VINTAGE CROP OF CLOTHES WITH THE HEADY FLAVOUR OF PARIS. ANTONY NORRIS PHOTOGRAPHED THIS SELECTION FROM THE LONDON WHOLESALE FASHION HOUSES



A vintage year for the "little girl" dress. This version is in a fine yellow wool, and the dress under the bolero is mounted on a silk camisole top. By San Clair at Libertys, Regent Street; James Howell, Cardiff; Plummer Roddis, Brighton. 14½ gns. The leather pill-box hat by Chez Elle is in sealing-wax red. 6½ gns. at Woollands, S.W.1; McDonalds, Glasgow. The Château Olivier (Léognan) produces a fine Premier Cru Graves, which is shipped only in small quantities



*A vintage year for enormously full-gored skirts. This one is in black cloché, can be worn with a mass of petticoats and has a very low-cut back. By Marcel Fenez at Marshall & Snelgrove; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Colsons of Exeter. About 10½ gns., available at the end of this month. The crystal and bugle-bead necklace, and rhinestone flower clip, are both from Marshall & Snelgrove; £15 and 7 gns. respectively. Behind is the Château Lafite-Rothschild*





A vintage year for Empire waistlines in the evening. Finely pleated black georgette rises in a straight column to a high strapless bodice, and contrasts strongly with the elaborate 18th-century "Habit de Vigneron" next to it. By Jean Allen at John Lewis, Oxford Street; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Bon Marché, Liverpool. 16 gns. Rhinestone and pearl brooch and rhinestone pendant ear-rings come from Marshall & Snelgrove. 7 gns. and £4 7s. 6d. In the background, the Château Cantemerle (Macau)



A vintage year—it always is—for the little black dress. Above in fine black wool with tight wrist-length sleeves, a long slim line springing from the hips into a wide flared skirt. By Wallis Shops, on sale at all their branches. 9½ gns. The three-row pearl necklace with multi-coloured crystal clasp is from Marshall & Snelgrove. £3 5s. In the background is the Château Pichon Longueville, which produces a dry claret



A vintage year for boleros. Pale oatmeal wool dress with an inserted cummerbund of ocelot-printed kid, shortened bolero and long tight sleeves. The slim skirt widens to a fluted hemline. By Polly Peck at Derry & Toms; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Patrick Thompson, Edinburgh, from mid-October. 16½ gns. Hat of matching ocelot-printed kid by Chez Elle at Harvey Nichols Little Shop; Rackhams, Birmingham. 14½ gns. In the background the Château Lafite-Rothschild which bottles its own wine—a light claret—rated by many of the experts as the finest of all the famous Pauillac clarets. This wine costs 35s. a bottle from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W.1.



A vintage year for delectable tailoring. Suit in black and white houndstooth, with a tweed edging woven to simulate braid. By Leslie Kaye at Harry B. Popper, available at Nora Bradley, King's Road; Ella Stewart, Edinburgh. 39 gns. The black calf skin beret trimmed with grosgrain is by Chez Elle at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Cresta, Liverpool. Also in other colours, 6½ gns. Large pearl ear-rings at Marshall & Snelgrove, 10s. 6d. Claret bottled at the Château Palmer (Cantenac). At Fortnum & Mason, 16s. 6d. a bottle







A vintage year for casually fitted jackets. Amenably plain lightweight cyclamen wool suit, its only trimming a dead-centre bow. By Dorville at Galeries Lafayette, W.1; Vogue, Cambridge; Samuels, Manchester, at the beginning of October. About 22½ gns. The hat by Chez Elle is in alternate bands of cyclamen and grey jersey. At Libertys; Cripps, Liverpool. £7 17s. 6d. The gilt stud ear-rings are 35s. from Marshall & Snelgrove. Claret by the Château Malescot-St.-Exupéry, Margaux-Médoc, from Fortnum & Mason, 18s. 6d. a bottle. Wines from this Château, home of M. Paul Zuger, who supervises the bottling of the claret, are noted for a youthful sparkle combined with an agreeable maturity



A vintage year for wide hemlines. Scarlet wool cloth swoops from a small flat collar, narrow shoulders, to a flaring hem. The black fur dog-collar comes with the coat. By Wallis Shops, and on sale at all their branches, 15 gns. The black Persian lamb beret trimmed with petersham is by Chez Elle at Libertys; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. £25. Black kid gloves by Miloré. 1952 claret by the Château Cantemerle (Macau), at Hedges & Butler, Regent Street, W.1, 19s. 6d. a bottle

A vintage year for sultry chiffon. Here in cigar-brown, collaborating with identically dyed ostrich fronds for a beautiful-female-spy dress. A London Town model at Wakefords, King's Road; Diana Warren, Blackpool; Zenith, Torquay. About 42 gns. The three châteaux are Pichon Longueville, Olivier and Malescot-St.-Exupéry. The wine casks and trolley were lent by Percy Fox, Wine Shippers of Whitechapel, who ship, among other château-bottled wines, Château Gruaud-Larose (claret), and Château Lafauric-Peyraguey (Sauterne)







Unexpectedly in Hampstead is Choses, a tranquil shop at 80-82 Heath Street. Contains the best in English, Scandinavian and Continental glass, china, ovenware, cutlery, fabrics and furniture. The owners and designers of the shop, Robert Stennett-Wilson (who designs for the English Leamington glass works) and Elizabeth Martens have long experience in design and are anxious to help and carry out interior decorating. These stoneware items are from Sweden. Teapot, £5 10s.; deep casserole (right), £7 10s.; shallower one, 6 gns., both flame and oven-proof

## INWARD APPEARANCES

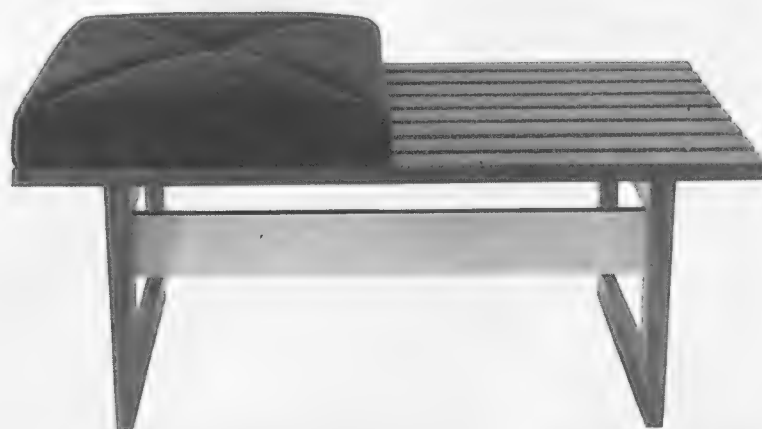


Newcomer to the antique business is Anne Shearer, 4a Thackeray St., W.8. Small shop, covetable antique furniture, largely English, all simple, unfussy. Mrs. Shearer specializes in 18th-century furniture but she includes Regency and some Victorian work. Prices are kept to the minimum. This mahogany early Regency wool-worktable is £14 10s. Also amusing, decorative knick-knacks

A new interior decorating shop is Taylor-Grigg, 98 Draycott Avenue, S.W.3. The ideal, here, is a simple background as a setting for decorative furniture like this tiered brass occasional table with reeded legs and leather-covered shelves, tooled with the Greek key design round the borders (38 gns.). Bronze wrestlers, £40 the pair. Shop stocks handsome English and Eastern antique pieces, plus brass occasional tables, roomy sofas and white plaster pillars. Materials can be chosen here for ordering; many are French. Exception—a Moygashel cotton mixture in a wide range of colours, 15s. a yard, 48 inches wide; ideal for curtains and upholstery



Under new management is the Lacquer Chest, 75 Kensington Church Street, where there are some charming and acceptable bargains. Stripped pine furniture of all sorts, converted oil lamps, brass beds, anything decorative are the specialities, and they are reasonably cheap. Pretty Victorian chairs and pictures, and odd pieces of china all prior-1830, are attractive. Stripped pine knee-hole desk, £28; the eye-catching brass "student's lamp," £9



Retail shop for the Custom Design Group, is at 10 St. Christopher's Place, W.1. A modern shop tucked away in an alley off Wigmore Street, this firm has until now been occupied with contract work, designing interiors and furniture. They sell accessories that they have found they need themselves in designing, such as this low bench-table in mahogany with a slatted top and laminated bars—the legs are a continuous piece of wood; padded black cushion is included. £23 10s. Also in stock: Scandinavian and English fabrics, glass, ovenware, lights, stainless steel and woodware; swatches of carpets (including one by Lucienne Day, that was specially commissioned) from which customers can order





Another human ninepin goes down in the corpse-happy *Tis Pity She's A Whore at the Mermaid Theatre*. The poisoned Soranzo (David Sumner) is watched by the Cardinal (David William) and the evil servant Vasques (John Woodvine). Right: The scheming Hippolita (Barbara Barnett)



## VERDICTS

### ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

**King John.** Old Vic Company, Edinburgh Festival. (Maurice Wenham, Paul Daneman, Robert Eddison, Rosalind Atkinson, Sylvia Coleridge, Maxine Audley.)

### *Shakespeare fitted this one in*

THE OLD VIC'S PRODUCTION OF *King John* SUFFERED A HUMILIATING accident in infancy. It had to be stretched to fill a vast platform stage at the Edinburgh Festival, and this stage, as it will whenever given anything not exactly suited to its requirements, proved extremely unaccommodating. The long entrances and exits through the audience slowed up the action intolerably, the actors were constantly masking each other in vital scenes and, what with one thing and another, the not inconsiderable merits of Mr. Peter Potter's direction of a difficult play were effectually obscured.

The difficulty comes about largely because the story told is such a broken-backed affair. No sooner have we got interested in some sequence of events belonging to the "troublesome" reign of John than we are started off on another. The threat of war between John and Philip of France, who is espousing the claim of Arthur, John's elder brother's son, to the English throne, has no sooner been basely composed by the marriage of John's niece to the Dauphin than the arrival of the sinister Papal Legate introduces a new theme. He demands that John shall make Langton, the Pope's nominee, Archbishop of Canterbury. The irresolute John flies into a sudden temper, defies the Vatican and is excommunicated. This narrative break partially justifies itself by a capital scene in which the profoundly disturbed French king has to make up his mind whether he will abandon his patched-up settlement with John or else face excommunication. Having made his pusillanimous decision, Philip more or less fades out of the play. We are left with nothing much in the way of a story and have to make the best we can of episodes, some battles between the armies of John and Philip, John's attempt to murder Arthur whose life is saved by the compunction of Hubert, his appointed executioner, and afterwards lost by accident, and John's death in agony.

The discursiveness of the history would matter less if the various incidents were linked by a single dominating personality. But the cheerful Bastard of Richard Coeur de Lion is the only character who is really alive, and he is no more than a commentator on events, always ready to scoff at any compromise that postpones the ultimate necessity of fighting out the issue, to urge on his vacillating master that the surest way to success is to "threaten the threat'ner and outface the brow of bragging horror" and at the last to speak memorably for the England that he sees going on for ever, if Englishmen do not betray it.

These are the play's weaknesses, but Mr. Potter has the resources to offset most of them. Mr. Paul Daneman is given all possible scope to humanize every scene in which the Bastard appears, and this actor of steadily developing power uses his opportunities well. Through him we are constantly reminded that though Shakespeare, between the writing of *Richard III* and *Richard II*, may have engaged himself to rework an old drama, he let his growing interest in characterization peep out of the hack job in his touching in of this minor character. Mr. Maurice Wenham, playing the eponymous king, has a less rewarding task. He is compelled to work in cardboard; yet manages skilfully to suggest that John is an able statesman who, for all his slipperiness, has sufficient royalty in his make-up to win and to keep the devoted service of the efficient Bastard. Miss Rosalind Atkinson plays the strong-willed Queen Eleanor with distinction, and Mr. Walter Hudd makes a formidable figure of the Papal Legate who sees more clearly than any of the puppet kings he manipulates but is confounded in the end by an ebullition of human nature.

Mr. Robert Eddison is the sad-hearted Philip of France; Miss Sylvia Coleridge the merry widow whose son is so pleased that she betrayed her husband with a more glamorous man; and Miss Maxine Audley copes rationally but in vain with the grief-stricken mother of Arthur. She is asked to burst on the stage and to strike 12 strokes of the clock all at once. Mrs. Siddons, who is said to have achieved this impossible feat, explained afterwards that she worked herself up to the right emotional pitch by listening in the wings to the preceding scene in which Arthur's ruin is being foully plotted. Miss Audley has evidently not taken this vital precaution and so goes down to defeat, in the company of all modern actresses.



This Edwardian incident occurs in "A Merry Mourning," one of the quartet of *Petit* ballets in *Black Tights*, reviewed here. The trio taking part in it: Roland Petit, Hollywood's Cyd Charisse, and Hans Van Manen



**Victim.** Director Basil Dearden.  
**Spinster.** Director Charles Walters.  
**Tammy Tell Me True.** Director Harry Keller.  
**Black Tights.** Director Terence Young.  
**Our Last Spring.** Director Michael Cacoyannis.  
**Un Couple.** Director Jean-Pierre Mocky.

## Mr. Bogarde comes of age

MISS JANET GREEN, WHO WROTE THE SCREENPLAY OF "SAPPHIRE," and Messrs. Michael Relph and Basil Dearden who produced and directed that admirable film, are the bold collaborators responsible for *Victim*—a well-written, excellently acted and compellingly presented drama, absorbing as a first-rate "whodunit." It concerns homosexuals and the blackmailers who batten on them and stars Mr. Dirk Bogarde, who here comes to full maturity as an actor and gives the finest performance of his career so far. He plays a brilliant barrister of 40, happily married to a judge's daughter, Miss Sylvia Syms, and soon to take silk. Because he is fighting the homosexual inclinations latent within himself, he has broken off an association with a young working man, Mr. Peter McEnery, who hero-worships him. Mr. Bogarde is unaware that Mr. McEnery has been stealing from his employers to buy off the blackmailers who threaten to expose their relationship; he only learns this after the unhappy young fellow, arrested for theft, has committed suicide rather than involve and ruin Mr. Bogarde.

Mr. Bogarde's conscience gives him no peace: he must, at all costs, track down the blackmailers. The police are helpless. The law that makes homosexuality between consenting adult males a criminal offence is described by a detective inspector (Mr. John Barrie) as "the blackmailer's charter": he knows the victims of the ugly racket are too afraid of imprisonment ever to come forward—and unless one of them does, he can do nothing to break it. With the help of one of Mr. McEnery's friends, Mr. Donald Churchill, Mr. Bogarde traces a number of intimidated homosexuals who are paying hush-money—a leading actor (Mr. Dennis Price), a famous photographer (Mr. Peter Copley), an elderly barber (Mr. Charles Lloyd Pack), a philanthropic peer (Mr. Anthony Nicholls), a bookseller (Mr. Norman Bird) and a car salesman (Mr. Nigel Stock)—all of whom resent his interference and beg him to meddle no further in so dangerous a matter. Does Mr. Bogarde not realize that if he succeeds in bringing the blackmailers down, he and they will be brought down, too?

Mr. Bogarde knows only too well what will happen to him if he "goes

it alone"—his career and his marriage will be destroyed—but has he, as a man of integrity, any alternative? The scene in which the barrister's wife wrings from her husband the truth about himself proves Miss Syms an able and authoritative actress—and that in which he seeks painfully to protect her from the humiliation to come is made deeply moving by Mr. Bogarde's beautifully sincere performance. The London backgrounds are skilfully used and well photographed—and altogether this is a film I feel you must see.

Miss Shirley MacLaine in the title role of *Spinster* is supposed to be a dowdy little thing who has dedicated herself to teaching Maori children in New Zealand because she is scared of men and sex and all that jazz. (How I hate these films that suggest that if a woman doesn't care to leap into bed with every Tom, Dick and Harry who makes a pass, there must be something peculiar about her.) Mr. Laurence Harvey, excruciatingly bad as a sex-starved neurotic also, surprisingly, a teacher, is so upset when Miss MacLaine very properly rejects his steamy advances that he kills himself in a motor-bike crash—leaving Miss MacLaine covered in confusion and self-reproach. If only she had yielded to him, he would still be alive, she tells herself. Well, fiddle-de-dee, say I. And so does our dear Mr. Jack Hawkins, the school inspector, who, as he has comparatively honourable designs on Miss MacLaine, is doubtless as happy as I am that Mr. Harvey is out of it.

Some years ago I arrived at the conclusion that if the Americans are not the salt of the earth, they certainly are the sugar—and *Tammy Tell Me True* is surely the clearest proof that I was right. Miss Sandra Dee, a houseboat-bred Pollyanna-plus, dressed rather Kate Greenaway and talking old-fashioned, arrives at Siminola College in search of an eddication. "I knows about livin' and dyin' and begettin' and bornin' babies and patchin' and cookin'," she says—but she's out for a mite o' book-larnin' as well. In the course of acquiring it she wins all hearts (especially Mr. John Gavin's), reconciles a married couple who are estranged, and teaches a rich old woman (Miss Beulah Bondi) how to enjoy the simple life. I have no doubt millions will adore this archly artless Tammy-tale; I felt as if I had been plunged into a treacle-bath.

Four of M. Roland Petit's ballets have been brought to the screen in *Black Tights*—and doubtless his fans will feast on the film, though I found it a trifle indigestible. Adorable Mlle. Zizi Jeanmaire is delicious in *The Diamond Cruncher*, Miss Moira Shearer is wan as Roxane in *Cyrano de Bergerac* (an unsuitable subject for a ballet, I thought), Miss Cyd Charisse is ravishingly beautiful and naughty in *A Merry Mourning*, and M. Petit makes an impressive Don José in *Carmen*—though he does tend to go on too long in all his personal scenes. M. Maurice Chevalier suavely introduces the various items—and pleased me more than anything else in the production. Mr. Michael Cacoyannis is a wonderfully talented Greek director whose work has previously given me so much joy that I was aghast at the thought that he had been involved in *Our Last Spring*. The English dialogue is absurdly stilted, the acting well below amateur standards—in fact there is nothing about this study of broody adolescents worthy of Mr. Cacoyannis except a few fleeting lyrical moments which only serve to emphasize the ineptitude of the rest.

The moral of *Un Couple* (*The Love Trap*) is that if you are happily married, don't keep examining your feelings for your spouse to see if they are as strong as they used to be—because you'll succeed in persuading yourself that they're not. Quite fun.



**The Encyclopedia Of Jazz**, by Leonard Feather. (Arthur Barker, 75s.)

**Memphis Slim.**

**Willie's Blues**, by Willie Dixon.

**Jimmy Rushing & The Smith Girls.**

**The Legendary Papa Mutt Carey.**

## The A.B.C. of jazz

IT MAY SOUND STRANGE THAT THERE IS NEED FOR A NEW *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, when the music itself has only existed since the turn of the



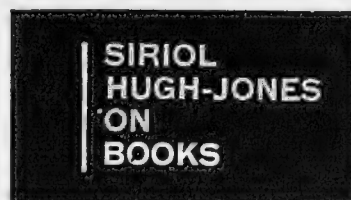
century. Leonard Feather, the well-known critic and part-time musician, who now lives in America, has previously produced an encyclopedia of modest size, supplemented by two yearbooks. Now he has gone further and embraced the full scope of jazz in a 500-page tome (Arthur Barker, 75s.) which includes short biographies of 2,000 musicians, past and present. It is a genuine book of reference, copiously illustrated, well produced, and methodically edited. Among the introductory chapters, I read with interest the lengthy historical survey, without agreeing completely with the author. I found more to my taste the chapter on jazz and its relationship to American society, which embraces such complex issues as race relations and the problem of narcotics among jazzmen.

Perhaps the biggest criticism I have against Feather's new *Encyclopedia* is his inadequate coverage of the contemporary blues singers. I appreciate that they are a most annoying collection of people to document, as they move around the country constantly, and either change their names, or adopt stage names so remote from their proper ones that nobody could be expected to identify them properly in their various aliases.

I have sought in vain for information about Memphis Slim, a singer and pianist who visited this country last year. While here he recorded an album for Collector Records (JGN1005), backed by guitarist Alexis Corner and drummer Stan Grieg. The whole session sounds exceptionally relaxed, and the results represent some of the most genuine country blues I have heard.

Memphis Slim appears again as pianist behind Willie Dixon in the bluesville album *Willie's Blues* (1003). His piano is heard to even better advantage, with great fat rolling chords permeating the accompaniment and Dixon's mellow voice rolling off the blues phrases with wit and understanding. The greatest of contemporary blues singers is unquestionably Jimmy Rushing who, despite the use of a shouting rather than a singing technique, represents a more sophisticated interpretation than either Slim or Dixon attempt to offer. The Smith girls, whose music he chose to recapture in his latest album (SBBL 631), were Bessie, Mamie, Clara and Trixie. They are now all historical characters in jazz annals, and are not related to one another. Accompaniment of an outstanding quality is provided by a small group comprising Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Dickie Wells and Benny Morton, with a rhythm section led by pianist Claude Hopkins. An exuberant swinging impulse is generated by this loose ensemble, with *Everybody loves my baby* as a suitable climax to the most exciting record I have heard this month.

The **Legendary Papa Mutt Carey** (32-130) turns back into history for its style and its performers. A few months before Mutt's death in 1948 he took his New Orleans style band to the studio, to create the authentic music you can hear on this session. The all-star line-up, which is one of the finest outside the Kid Ory band, would impress me more by its pure style, were it not for what would appear to be its blatant musical inaccuracies.



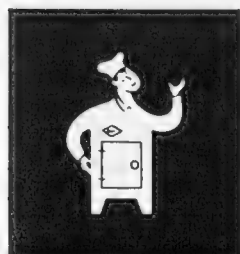
## Layabouts of Ancient Rome

ONE OF THE TRYING ASPECTS OF HOLIDAY LIFE IS THE WAY IN WHICH ALL available books run out in the first week, leaving you with a choice between a very long juvenile historical novel about a brave boot-maker's apprentice at the time of the Peasants' Revolt for which the children seem to have no fancy, and a bizarre assortment of old short-story magazines which have now stopped publication, left behind by guests long since departed the hotel, if not this life. Luckier than many, I took with me on holiday an altogether enchanting book, not new but worth re-reading more than once: a Pelican called **Poets in a Landscape**, and nothing could have suited a Mediterranean holiday better.

Mr. Highet takes seven Roman poets—Catullus, Virgil, Tibullus, Ovid, Propertius, Horace and Juvenal—and writes about their lives, their poems, and especially about the landscape in which they lived, the mosaic they chose for the floor of the villa, the Rome they knew and the countryside in which they bought land and built houses, the girls they loved and the politics that directly affected their lives. He makes his Classical-Sixth-Form authors as real as the rowdy, boiling, dangerous Rome they inhabited, and he illustrates the text with his own photographs of the places they lived in and wrote about—and to me there is something entirely magic about coming across a photograph of a small rock stream overhung with leaves and finding it is none other than the Bandusian Spring itself. Mr. Highet is especially good at re-creating hot Italian summer landscape, and his book hums and shimmers with sun, insects, leaves and water. And in the vivid, bubbling chapter on Rome, in a description of a Roman general's triumph, he gives the opening of one of the devotedly scurrilous songs that were current among the ranks of Julius Caesar's legionaries on the subject of their leader: "Watch your wives, you poor civilians, here comes Baldhead Lover-Boy!"

And continuing my obsessive chase after the memoirs and diaries of Roman emperors, as interpreted by strictly modern writers, I have gained the greatest possible enjoyment from a new Penguin—**The Sword of Pleasure**, by Peter Green, being the supposed memoirs of the dying Dictator, Lucius Cornelius Sulla. The novel covers an enormous field with speed, intelligence and complete conviction. For those who, searching disconsolately for—not necessarily hero-figures

**Poets In A Landscape**, by Gilbert Highet (6s.); **The Sword Of Pleasure**, by Peter Green (3s. 6d.) Penguin Books. **The Snake Has All The Lines**, by Jean Kerr. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) **Tall Ships & Great Captains**, by A. B. C. Whipple. (Gollancz, 21s.) **Mothers & Daughters**, by Evan Hunter. (Constable, 21s.) **Branwell Brontë**, by Winifred Gérin. (Nelson, 35s.) **Columbus; Joan Of Arc; Baudelaire**. (Evergreen Books, 6s. each.)



**TABLE WATER BISCUITS** *bring out the best in cheese*



IDA KAR

*Laura Del-Rivo took four years to write her first novel *The Furnished Room*. The reward: publication by Hutchinson (16s.) and an option to film the book. She works in a Soho bookshop where this picture was taken*

but maybe even just an intelligent, complex and subtle man in contemporary fiction, the historical novelists who specialize in classical Roman high society are the saviours to follow.

*Briefly . . . The Snake Has All the Lines*, by Jean Kerr, is a collection of very funny magazine articles by an American writer of considerable elegance and sardonic style camouflaged under a homey, easy-going domestic exterior. I am particularly devoted to Miss Kerr's mother, a red-haired Irish lady who once spent all day perfecting an admirable roast, asking mildly enthusiastically in the middle of the meal, "Well, children, how are you enjoying the bear?"; and the great, classic, archetypal remark made by a husband Miss Kerr surely never invented, who goes into the kitchen and unforgettably asks, "Do I want a sandwich?" . . . *Tall Ships and Great Captains* by A. B. C. Whipple is a pleasant and easy narrative with a good theme—famous sailing ships, including the *Victory*, the Spanish Armada flagship, and Columbus's ship the *Nina*. . . . Evan Hunter, author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, has written in *Mothers and Daughters* an enormous ramble through the lives of some women who are really more ordinary, and at greater length, than anyone has any right to be; soppy, long-winded to a demented degree, and infuriating in its sheer epic triviality, it even has that old ecstatic birth-of-a-baby scene I thought we must surely have finished with some time ago. . . . Winifred Gérin's *Branwell Brontë* is a painstaking, thorough, detailed and sympathetic biography of the one Brontë who doesn't seem to me to stand up to close inspection; never less than interesting, all the same. . . . And the dear little paperback Evergreen Profile Books have added three new titles to their beautifully illustrated biography series—*Columbus*, *Joan of Arc*, and *Baudelaire*, and I am more mystified than ever about how they settle the subjects for treatment. . . .

Lastly, I owe apologies to Miss Muriel Spark and to Macmillan for having, in a moment of madness, got the name of her new book wrong; the title is in fact *Voices at Play*.

## ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

### *Problem of a two-faced picture*

I BOUGHT A PICTURE THE OTHER DAY. AT LEAST, I THOUGHT I BOUGHT A picture, but it turned out that I bought two. One was on the back of the other. One or the other, I don't know which, had apparently failed to satisfy the artist so he had painted the other—if you see what I mean. When I got it (or them) home I found that I liked the other one—that is to say the one other than the one that had first taken my fancy—as much as, if not more than, *the* one. To make the dilemma worse the paintings are not on canvas, but on cardboard. The artist is one of those maddeningly modest fellows who persist in painting their masterpieces on odd scraps of material. Had they been on canvas I would have resigned myself to the necessity of choosing one side for show and one to go to the wall. But cardboard, I thought, can surely be divided down the middle. Well, perhaps it can be, by an expert, but after coming perilously near to ruining both paintings I abandoned my attempt to do it and had a double-sided frame made instead. At first I had the wonderful idea of suspending this double frame from the centre of the ceiling so that both pictures were permanently on view. But there was a snag. One picture, a flower piece, is vertical, the other, a landscape, is horizontal. So, after all, my two-faced picture ended up on a wall like any other, to be turned round from time to time as the mood takes me.

Somewhere is a Van Gogh canvas displayed in a frame hinged to the wall so that back and front can both be seen. And one of the extra delights of the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection when it was shown at the National Gallery earlier this year was the way in which Memline's *Portrait of a young man* was displayed on a special screen to show the beautiful little still-life on its reverse. Both sides bore the same number and so many people, not realizing they were back and front of the same panel, reported the "mistake" to the gallery attendant that the poor man must have been driven crazy by the time the show ended. In this case the panel is believed to be part of a diptych, and so the reverse painting is not unexpected. Nowadays galleries frequently display religious works of this kind so that both sides are on view. The wonderful Wilton Diptych in the National Gallery, for instance, is shown to great advantage in a glass case. But it was not always so and on the backs of many other works in the great galleries of the world are interesting paintings and drawings that still never see the light.

Some years ago a fascinating illustrated book called *Backs of National Gallery Pictures* was published. The works revealed in its photographs ranged from scribbled caricatures ("not by the Great Masters, but rather their naughtiest apprentices") to elaborate patterns and figure paintings. I haven't a copy of the book by me at the moment, but I remember vividly a moving picture of the burning of Savonarola which is on the reverse of a portrait of him. In the middle distance he and two other martyrs are tied to a wooden cross and the flames are licking at their feet. In the foreground men are feeding the fire with bundles of faggots and in the background is the Palazzo Vecchio looking just as it does today to the hordes of tourists who flock to the Piazza Signoria. I would like to see that picture in the original sometime. And others, too. There are some lovely looking cranes on the backs of two panels of saints by Memline and a comely angel on the reverse of a portrait of an uncomely Florentine lady by a follower of Botticelli.

In these scientific days, when frescoes are being removed intact from the walls of Italian cloisters, it should be possible to transpose these backs to new panels. Failing that, the pictures could be hung so that both sides are visible or, if that is asking too much, they might be turned back to front for a few days each year.

Mind you, I won't press hard for this. I know only too well now what a problem a two-faced picture can be.



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as *You* are  
that's

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# SEPTEMBER RELEASES — recording super-light mixtures set to spin into the winter charts

## On general release now:

The super all-American atomizer, the Alberto VO5. It sounds like a secret rocket project but in fact it's one of the clearest and lightest hair sprays to emerge from a cosmetic lab. Pleasantly no-scented, a big canister costs 12s. 6d.

Lipstick with the built-in light appeal is Germaine Monteil's Super Lumium, translucently pretty in Watermelon, Frou-Frou and many others. Check in this month on Contempera which is all a skin needs to keep matt and moisturized. Could be described as the foundation that needs no powder or as Revlon say "for the Flawless Matt Finish." 21s. for a smart tube's worth. 22 September is the date to buy Yardley's new bargain priced moisturizer—Beauty Magic. 12s. 6d. is the price of a pot with the look of black Wedgwood. Their traditional bee keeps guard on the golden lid. Inside: a pearly pink cream that instantly soaks into the skin. Scented release—a fluted gold atomizer

like an outsized lipstick by Molyneux. Scent:

their classic Le Numero Cinq. Unbreakable,

sealed so that there's no chance of evaporation, the atomizer du sac costs

£2 6s., refills—30s. 9d.

GOOD LOOKS  
BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

*Tapestry to carpet*

Albert Adair

REGENCY DESIGN? SOME FEATURES OF THIS RUG COULD CERTAINLY deceive at a quick glance, leading the inexperienced appraiser to label it as Regency period. It is in fact an 18th-century Aubusson rug of the Directoire period and a fine example of the artistic work developed over several hundreds of years by the weavers in the valleys of Marche County in the Massif Central of France.

Tapestries were woven in work-rooms in the towns of Féletin and Aubusson and the earliest designs were exclusively *verdures*—a mingling of blues, gold and predominating tones of the rich green of the district's mountains and trees, beech, elm, oak and poplar. The designer also made full use of the local wild flowers especially primroses, periwinkle, dandelion and pink-fringed violets. The weavers clung to themes of mythological subjects and exotic birds, and later copied engravings, executing their skilled and careful work mainly for the surrounding châteaux and churches. The limited demand in turn effected a limited output and the craftsmen tramped the roads searching for further orders.

Hard times overtook the centres on more than one occasion and, following the French Revolution, weaving was directed towards tapestried furniture and more particularly the manufacture of carpets. Early Aubusson rugs were made with woollen warp and weft and are, like the one shown below, rather coarser than those produced throughout the 19th century when a cotton warp was used, thus permitting a finer weaving. This rug is of an unusual size being only 11 feet by 9 feet and is in the possession of the Vigo Art Galleries, Piccadilly, W.1. It incorporates all the typical Aubusson colours, the background being a deep green; the medallion in the centre soft yellow and faded pink; the leafy rosette border gold and honey tones, and the floral border pastel colours on a *tête-de-nègre* ground—a worthy backcloth to 18th-19th century period furniture.

To readers of this Commentary who wish to spend a most enlightening hour, I warmly commend the exhibition of Italian Bronze Statuettes at the Victoria & Albert Museum which will remain open until Sunday, 1 October. Many of the most famous small bronzes in the world are, for the first time, being shown together in this exhibition, and it not only provides a basis for the study of Italian bronze sculpture, but offers a concise review of some of the most individual, inventive and eloquent small sculptures that have ever been produced.



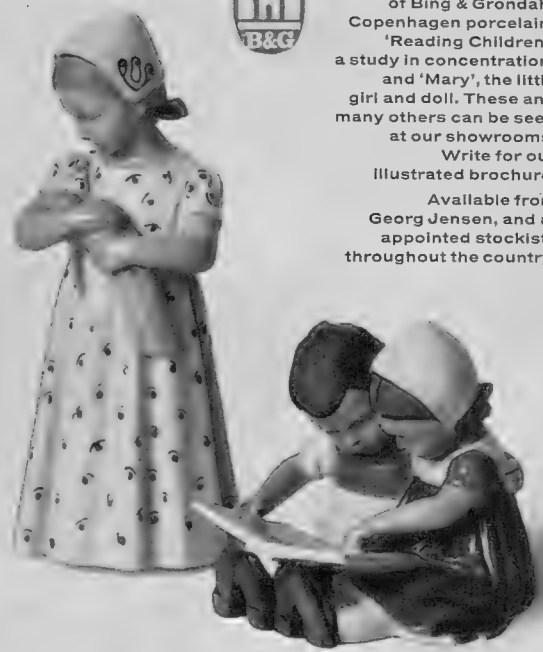
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## DINING IN

*Firing a 14-pounder*

Helen Burke

IT MAY SEEM ODD TO WRITE OF TURKEYS IN THE EARLY AUTUMN, BUT why not? We get oven-ready birds the whole year round—quickly-frozen on the farms from which we get them direct, and weighing from 6 lb. upwards—at a most reasonable price. And with bacon costing less than it has done for a long time, I would suggest that cold turkey with a special moist stuffing and bacon is one of the easiest and most satisfactory of all party dishes. Make a fuss of the bird and it will repay you. The first thing to do with your turkey is to defrost it fully at room temperature. A cold bird retards cooking and you end up not knowing where you are! The turkey I cooked last week was 14 lb., oven weight. Here is the stuffing I used: mince very finely 1 lb. pork with a little fat in it, 1 lb. veal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rindless green (unsmoked) bacon, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sausage meat. (Some butchers will do this for you.) Add a finely chopped onion, simmered in a little butter, and the turkey liver, cut into strips and stiffened in the same pan without further fat. Add also a rounded tablespoon of roughly chopped skinned pistachio nuts and salt and pepper to taste. Bind with a beaten egg, a little milk and 2 to 3 tablespoons of cream. Mix all thoroughly together. I find that I can best do this with my bare hands—fingers are wonderful blenders.

Work the skin a little back from the flesh and stuff the breast with a quarter of the mixture. Secure the flap of skin with small poultry skewers on the back. To the remaining stuffing add a good pinch of your favourite extras such as, say, chopped fresh tarragon or chopped young celery tops, some chopped parsley, the grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 lemon and a good pinch of grated nutmeg or other spice—perhaps ground allspice. Fill the body of the bird with this stuffing and close

with poultry skewers. Better still, you will probably find that there is a slit through which the tail stump can be drawn. This is the easiest and most efficient way of securing the body opening. Tie the legs so that they are not fixed tightly to the body. Turn back the wing tips and tie them underneath. Place the bird on its back on a grid or poultry rack. Cover it with a thickish layer of softened butter and sprinkle it with a little flour. Place it in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7). Baste every 15 minutes.

When the breast is a nice even pale brown, turn the bird and let the other side colour in the same way. Now you have a beautifully lightly-browned-all-over turkey and quite a lot of fat in the baking tin. If not, add more butter. Now, dip into the fat thin muslin or, better still, that fine knitted cotton which is so useful in the kitchen. Lay the bird on it and tuck it over the breast and wings, leaving the thighs as they are. Let the bird lie on its breast for the remainder of the cooking time, meanwhile reducing the heat to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark between 1 and 2. Starting from the advised cooking temperature and time, these days, that bird should have been in the oven for about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours. But by cooking it at the high temperature for the first 40 minutes or so, the time is reduced to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. And the bird should be deliciously succulent.

A lean corner of bacon is the easiest to cut into thin slices. This can be carved at a side table, but I prefer the kitchen. Place the slices of turkey, overlapping each other, down one side of a large platter, with the sliced bacon on the other side and spoonfuls of the stuffing in between. (Incidentally, those pistachios provide some, but little flavour. Their real function is to catch the eye.) There could also be the attraction of aspic, made from the giblets and the pan juices, especially if you thought of buying 1 to 2 extra sets of chicken giblets and a few veal bones. Pour the aspic into a shallow dish and chill it in the refrigerator. Cut it diagonally into diamonds which will gleam like topazes and, dotted about on the platter, set off the sliced meats.

Serve with salad on top of which, just before the meal, you have placed well-washed and dried lettuce, but do not turn it in the dressing until it is time for your guests to help themselves.

## MAN'S WORLD

*Keeping a watch*

David Morton

TIME, IT HAS BEEN SAID, IS THE ART OF THE SWISS. WHILE MY OWN watch was being repaired I went along to Watches of Switzerland in Bond Street (they have several other branches) and consoled myself, looking at watches I am unlikely to possess. My own favourite from all I saw was a gold Audemars-Piguet; self-winding and waterproof, but still thin and elegant. Every part is finished by hand and even the rotor of the winding mechanism is made of 24 carat gold. Comparisons with Rolls-Royce motor-cars are hackneyed, but I don't think Sir Henry Rolls would have objected to a comparison in this case—the standards of workmanship are much the same. This watch costs £244 10s. Audemars-Piguet also make the thinnest wrist-watch in the world; in 18 carat gold with a handmade bracelet, the owner will carry £504 on his wrist.

I was shown a fine dress watch by another well-known firm, Vacheron et Constantin. Certainly the thinnest of its kind, it has single batons for numerals on its elegant face; fine slender hands. Costs £950 in platinum, £690 in 18 carat gold. And Watches of Switzerland say they sell perhaps three a year. The same firm makes a delicious dress wrist-watch, 18 carat gold case, batons and hands, £213.

In the trade, Eterna-Matic watches are known as the watch-maker's watch; this is due to the revolutionary discovery of the ball-bearing rotor at the heart of these automatically-wound watches. This rotor is smaller than a match-head, but it houses five steel balls. It would

take 30,000 to fill a thimble. Watches of Switzerland tell me that about 80 per cent of their customers want an automatic watch; these are better timekeepers because the drive on the mainspring is constant, and if you take an Eterna-Matic off, there's a minimum power reserve of 40 hours. So those five balls do a good job. They are clearly visible on the Eterna Golfer—a pocket watch with a Plexiglass back. Self-winding and water resistant, it has a date movement and a snake chain—fine for doctors, scientists, sportsmen, or anyone who can't wear a wrist-watch. It has a sweep second hand. Costs £37 15s. in stainless steel, £120 in 18 carat gold. The same firm, Eterna, makes the Centenaire, thinnest self-winding watch made. Same ball-bearing rotor, and even with a sweep second hand it's thinner than many non-automatic watches.

The most durable watch must be the Certina DS (Double Seal). It's fully automatic, has a sweep second hand, is made of stainless steel and costs £28 12s. 6d. It has been taken to a depth of 660 feet and remained waterproof even at that pressure, and it has been dropped on to concrete from 400 feet without any harm coming to it. It's a fine, serviceable watch—the same company also produces an elegant watch, thin for a self-winder, for just under £60, in 18 carat gold. I saw a new model of this watch, just cleared by H.M. Customs; it has flared lugs, gold batons and hands on a satin-finish dial.

But there is a watch for everyone in this shop; watches to tell you the phases of the moon, or the time in two different places; chronometers that have suffered Amazon jungle conditions and then been plunged into Arctic cold—still keeping perfect time; watches that will work in a magnetic field of up to 1,000 gauss; watches to buzz discreetly when your parking meter time is about to run out. Even luminous watches, in spite of the recent radio-activity scare. I am told that there is rather more radio-activity on any rock at the seaside than comes from the dials of most luminous watches.



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*The new Triumph TR4 styled by Michelotti*

## MOTORING

### *New Triumph & an old problem*

Gordon Wilkins

MAYBE IT'S THE INFLUENCE OF THE FEMALE PASSENGER MAKING ITSELF felt after years of patient endurance, but whatever the cause sports cars more and more are becoming a highly civilized and comfortable means of transport. Latest example is the new Triumph TR4 which has just superseded the TR3, itself one of the best selling British cars on the American market. The body, styled by Michelotti, is larger, easier to get into and far more comfortable; there are winding windows in the doors and on the roadster the folding top is really snug, with a number of new ideas for avoiding rattles and draughts. There is also an interesting coupé. On fine days the roof can be lifted off, leaving windscreen, side windows and rear window in position to keep out the wind eddies that play havoc with hair-dos.

Behind the seats there is space to install two seats for children or park a fair amount of luggage and there is also a good-sized luggage trunk, which completes the space for holiday baggage. The ride is softer and more comfortable and the road-holding is much better, with none of that odd tail twitch that every TR3 driver knows. A bigger engine ensures better top gear acceleration and I timed an open model at over 111 m.p.h. in the overdrive, which is an optional fitting. The gearbox has synchromesh on all four speeds. The driver has a telescopic steering column as a protection against accident injuries and there is a padded grab handle for the passenger neatly faired into the instrument panel.

Britain produces the world's finest selection of fast, sporting cars at reasonable prices, but how do you learn to drive them? The Institute of Advanced Motorists will tell you whether you are good or bad but doesn't undertake to teach anyone. For the highly important subject of skid prevention there is the one-day course at Wolvey and there are several good books on the finer points, but there is still a need for somewhere safer than the public highway for people trying to put them into practice. The highest forms of the art are of course to be learned at the schools for racing drivers. The Coopers ran a pioneer school at Brands Hatch for

some time, but gave it up. Perhaps the best known British one now is that run on the Snetterton circuit by Jim Russell. One of his star pupils is the 16-year-old son of racing driver Horace Gould. He is still too young to drive on the road but has proved brilliant at the wheel of a racing car. Another who has made rapid progress is the son of Belgian driver André Pilette. Other pupils have come from Belgium, Sweden, Italy, U.S.A. and South Africa. The school supplies Cooper or Lotus single-seater racing cars, skid car and skid pan, crash helmets and goggles, and a one-day trial session costs £5.

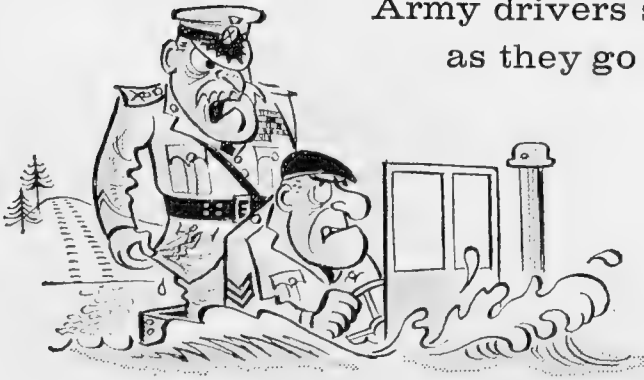
Over in Modena there is the school run by the Scuderia Centro Sud. Louis Chiron was formerly chief instructor, but the post is now held by veteran Grand Prix driver Piero Taruffi. They have a large selection of racing single-seaters and sports racing cars and classrooms where lectures are given. Taruffi is also one of the instructors at the highly successful three-day training courses run by the Swiss Motor Racing Club (SAR) in conjunction with the Automobile Club of Switzerland. This year the 13th of the series was held at Montlhéry, near Paris, in April and 170 students attended. They learn on their own cars under multi-lingual instructors who are established racing drivers; first by lectures, then by demonstrations and finally by driving fast themselves under supervision, the ideal line on each corner being marked white.

Some of the people who turn up at the training schools wanting to become racing drivers might manage to pass the driving test, but have really very little idea of how to handle a car at all. To bridge the gap, the International School of Advanced Driving has been formed at the Finmere Circuit, near Buckingham. The council is studded with names like Stirling and Pat Moss, Marcus Chambers, Norman Garrad, Rob Slotemaker, Rob Walker and Stuart Turner and the idea is to provide three one-day instruction courses, interspersed with road driving in the student's own time, which should bring drivers with the required aptitude up to rally-driving standard. The cost will be about 30 gns.

Personally I never had a driving lesson in my life. I just got into a car and drove it. But in those days cars gave plenty of warning when they were reaching the limit of control and one could make mistakes without much fear of hitting anything. Today, many drivers never find out the limitations of their cars until it is too late because the safe speed range has been raised so high. And even if you have no competition ambitions a course of advanced tuition can be a life-saver.



Army drivers say it,  
as they go through thick and thin,



Rally-drivers give it  
as the reason why  
they win,



Jazz-band leaders sing it  
when the Saints  
come marching in—



The Es - so sign means hap - py mo - tor - ing Call at the Es - so sign ... for



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## WEDDINGS



**Richardson—Wheadon:** Ann, daughter of Group Captain & Mrs. F. C. Richardson, was married to Richard, son of Mr. & Mrs. I. C. N. Wheadon, of Pinner, at Holy Trinity Church, Northwood, Middlesex



**Almond—Penney:** Margaret Heather, daughter of Squadron Leader & Mrs. H. Almond, of Ramsdell, Basingstoke, Hampshire, was married to Martin Charles, son of Sir William Penney, of Harwell, & the late Mrs. Penney, at Douai Abbey, Berks

**Streatfeild—Tindall:** Susan Rosamund, daughter of Cdr. & Mrs. C. E. J. Streatfeild, of Bridport, was married to Capt. David Mascall Kenrick Tindall, son of Mr. & Mrs. D. P. L. Tindall, of Dorchester, at Symondsburry Church



## ENGAGEMENTS



LENARE

**Heather Elizabeth Josephine Ridley to Clive David Gordon Roberts.** *She* is the daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. W. F. Ridley, of Harrogate, Yorks. *He* is the son of Mr. G. H. C. Roberts, of Wayfaring, Broadstairs, Kent



YEVONDE

**Carolyn Jane Hunter to Christopher Richard Glyn.** *She* is the daughter of Mr. A. N. Hunter, of Victoria Road, W.8, and Mrs. A. Lusk, of Albion Gate, W.2. *He* is the son of Major & Mrs. John Glyn, of Tetsworth, Oxfordshire



LENARE

**Diana Jill Puckle to David Michael Berliand.** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Puckle, of Robin Hill, Oxshott, Surrey. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Berliand, of Burwood Oak, Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames



# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. M. J. S. Bone and  
Miss V. P. Lane**

The engagement is announced between Michael John Stuart, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bone, Sandiford, Northwood, and Valanda Penelope, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Lane, Little Soloms, Banstead.

**Mr. B. H. Halford and  
Miss P. N. Fancott**

The engagement is announced between Bruce Henley, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Halford, of Beaumont, Lincombe Hill Road, Torquay, and Patricia Nadine, elder daughter of Mr. H. Fancott, and step-daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Fancott, of Vane Tower, Vane Hill Road, Torquay.

**Mr. P. G. Martin and  
Miss P. A. G. Barber**

The engagement is announced between Peter George, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Gray Cottage, Bray Place, Chelsea, and Southernway, Guildford, and Peta Ann Godard, youngest daughter of Group Capt. L. T. G. Barber, O.B.E., M.F.C., R.A.F., and Mrs. Barber, of Oxshott, Surrey.

**Mr. R. C. S. Hunt and  
Miss C. D. Samuel**

The marriage between Richard Charles Stephen Hunt, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hunt, of Meadow Walk, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, and Cristina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Samuel, of Bridle Way, Banstead Road, Ewell, will take place at St. Andrew's Church, Kingswood, Surrey, at 11.30 a.m. on September 30.

**Mr. R. D. Mason and  
Miss N. J. Eadon**

The engagement is announced between Richard Dan, second son of Sir Dan and Lady Mason, of Chaldens, Broadbridge Heath, Sussex, and Natalie Jane, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan F. Eadon, of Croft Farm, Cowley, Holmesfield, via Sheffield.

**Mr. R. G. Ridings and  
Miss S. C. W. Wedgwood**

The engagement is announced between Roger George, son of the late Lt.-Col. A. W. G. Ridings, R.M. (Retd.), and of Mrs. Ridings, of 11 Dean Court Road, Bournemouth, and Sonia Christian Winifred, daughter of Mr. A. T. Wedgwood, O.B.E., and Mrs. A. T. Wedgwood, of The Cottage, Great Anwell, Ware, Herts, lately of Northwood, Middlesex.

**Capt. P. M. Blagden and  
Miss A. E. B. Bradbury**

The engagement is announced between Patrick Martin Blagden, Royal Engineers, son of the late Brig. W. M. Blagden and Mrs. Blagden, of 6 Monckton Road, Alverstoke, and Ann, daughter of Surg. Capt. E. B. Bradbury, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Bradbury, of 32 Marshall Road, Rainham, Kent.

**Mr. J. G. Knollys and  
Miss P. V. M.-L. Williams**

The engagement is announced between Geoffrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Knollys, of Greys, Manor Road, Goring-on-Thames, and Mary-Luise, daughter of the late Surgeon Commander E. R. P. Williams, O.B.E., Royal Navy, and of Mrs. Rex Williams, of 12 Ovington Court, S.W.3.

**Mr. J. Morris and  
Miss D. Chopping**

The engagement is announced between John, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Morris, Englefrank, Sonning, Berks, and Diane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Chopping, Whiteoaks, Sonning, Berks.

**Capt. M. D. White and  
Miss E. S. Brazier-Creagh**

The engagement is announced between Michael Dermot White, The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, son of the late Lt.-Col. M. White and of Mrs. M. A. White, of Sleaven, Macroom, Co. Cork, and Elizabeth Susan, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. K. R. Brazier-Creagh, of 21 Kensington Gate, W.8, and Tarbrook, Croom, Co. Limerick.

**Mr. M. M. J. Raymond and  
Miss D. E. Alexander**

The engagement is announced between Michael Murray John Raymond, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. St.C. Raymond, of Belchamp Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk, and Daphne Elizabeth Alexander, 13 Clareville Grove, London, S.W.7, younger daughter of the late Mr. R. V. Alexander and of Mrs. Alexander, of Greystones, Bredon, Gloucestershire.

**Mr. M. L. Cahill and  
Miss H. E. C. Eastwood**

The engagement is announced between Michael, son of Mr. John Cahill, M.B.E., D.C.M., and Mrs. Cahill, of 1 Chess Vale Rise, Rickmansworth, and Harriette, eldest daughter of Mr. Christopher Eastwood, C.M.G., and Mrs. Eastwood, of Pennfields House, Beaconsfield.

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